

# THE NEW NORTH.

VOLUME 12. NO. 50.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1895.

TERMS—\$1.50 IN ADVANCE

Mike Kearns returned to the city Tuesday.

For the latest in neckwear go to J. R. Johnson's.

Alban & Barnes moved into their new offices this week.

John Herron, of McNaughton, was in the city Friday.

Beers has the finest line of underwear in the city.

Dave Vaughn spent Sunday with his family in the city.

Paul Browne was laid up with a bad cold last week.

Keep the G. A. R. masquerade on the 2nd in your mind.

Sheriff O'Connor, of Vilas county, was in the city Monday.

J. R. Johnson carries a full line of E. & W. collars and cuffs.

E. R. LeFever was down from Tomahawk Lake Monday.

If you wish a good fitting suit equal to tailormade, go to Beers'.

E. G. Squier was at Minocqua this week giving the new band their first lesson.

The government thermometer went down to 47 below zero Monday morning.

J. R. Johnson has a large line of men's driving gloves which he will sell at cost.

Prof. C. M. Gleason entertained his friend Chas. Jacobson, of Ashland, last Sunday.

Judge J. W. McCormick left last week for Harriman, Tennessee, on law business.

The Symposium was pleasantly entertained last Saturday evening by Miss Mabel Bronson.

Miss Mattle Vaughn, teacher of the Tomahawk Lake school, visited home here over Sunday.

Parents, if you wish to save money, go to Beers' for your boys' and children's clothing.

Wausau will make an effort to secure the new additional reformatory to be built by the state.

Mrs. J. A. Gilchrist and daughter, of Watertown, S. D., are visiting the family of W. B. LaSalle this week.

A service in memory of Mr. W. H. Brown will be held in the Congregational Church probably on Feb. 17.

John McInnes, of Merrill, one of the old time and successful loggers of the Wisconsin, was in the city Tuesday.

An entertainment will be given at the Congregational church to-morrow evening by the Lyceum League of America.

A committee in the Congregational Church is preparing its history. The first chapter will be given to-night at the mid-week service.

Among the many good things on the program to be given by the Lyceum League of America, is a debate on the question "Should immigration be further restricted."

P. J. Sultz' harness shop has been moved from its former location on Brown street to the building next to W. L. Beers' store, in the old post office building, where he is ready to do business with a full line of goods and satisfactory work.

J. H. Hemingway writes The New North that he is not 72 years old—not by ten years and that he doesn't intend to be beaten out of the best ten years of his life by any little seven-up newspaper, and that he can prove this only 62. "Papa" is getting as particular as an old maid.

A petition is being circulated among the principal business men here for the founding of a school for the feeble minded. A bill has been presented in the legislature and the petition prays that the bill may become a law. No school for the feeble minded now exists and one would, if established, do much good.

State Timber Agent Mullen, was in the city last Thursday making arrangements with several woodsmen to look over the burned district of the State Park. E. S. Shepard, Thos. Collins, Tim Lennon, A. Steverwright and some from other places were engaged. Monday noon some of them started at the work.

O. W. O. Hardman, Sheriff of Tyler Co., W. Va., appreciates a good thing and does not hesitate to say so. He was almost prostrated with a cold when he purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He says: "It gave me prompt relief. I find it to be an invaluable remedy for coughs and colds." For sale at Palace Drug Store.

For a good suit of clothes go to J. R. Johnson's.

Alban & Barnes moved into their new offices this week.

R. Otto was down from State Line Tuesday on a business trip.

Dr. Stone is nicely situated in his new quarters in the Bank block.

Matt Stapleton is selling watches to the boys in camp about here.

E. C. Sturdevant was at Minocqua Tuesday inspecting a car load of oil.

Look at J. R. Johnson's stock of gloves and mittens, which he is selling at cost.

Hugh McLean, of the firm of McLean Bros., went south on business yesterday.

The Whist Club were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Shafer Monday evening.

Chas. Hansen, of the firm of Hall & Hansen, logging near Harshaw, was in the city yesterday.

The cold snap was pretty severe on water pipes, especially if they were not carefully looked after.

The G. A. R. masquerade is always a success and the Post will make this year no exception to the rule.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Robbins leave to day for Grand Haven, Michigan, to attend the funeral of W. H. Brown.

Mrs. H. Zimmerman, of Chillico, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Geo. Rosenzweig, and will remain several weeks.

D. K. Jeffries and Fred Hatchett, of Jeffries, drove over to the city Tuesday. They returned the same day.

Nate Alderson was in the city yesterday. He says their camps are rushing in logs faster than usual this weather.

A. H. Stange, of Merrill, one of the valley's most prominent lumbermen and manufacturers, was in the city yesterday.

The shadow social at the Baptist church Monday evening drew a large number of people who thoroughly enjoyed the evening.

Word from Frank Davis says that he and James Lawless like their new position in Evansville, Indiana, and that the climate is mild and fine.

The marshal, of Minocqua was in the city Monday with a couple of prisoners whose board will be paid by Vilas county for the next 60 days.

Gentlemen, cold weather is at hand and if you want to feel comfortable and preserve your health, go to Beers' and get one of those nice over coats.

Mrs. J. E. Jackson was called to Marinette Tuesday noon to attend her sister, Mrs. Wm. Clark, of that place, who is seriously ill with typhoid fever.

The Episcopal ladies social at the residence of A. G. Hunter is to-morrow evening. A sleigh ride party precedes the dancing, cards and refreshments.

Young men if you want a stylish overcoat, cut in the latest design, extra long, and equal to any made to order, and for about one half tailor's price, go to W. L. Beers'.

C. E. Crusoe & Co., have a column advertisement which should be examined by every buyer of goods in their line. They have a fine stock and are offering some rare bargains.

Rev. Mr. Grasse, of Ashland, preached to two good size audiences at the Congregational church last Sunday. Both his addresses were good, and especially the one on the Millennium.

This is Langdon's short list: 40 pounds of granulated sugar, \$1.00 20 " " dairy butter, 4.00

The whole list goes for \$5.00. This list is made up especially for the poor armer, but he will sell to anyone who has the \$5.

Dr. E. H. Keith, the dentist, has removed to his new quarters in the new Merchants State Bank building, and is straightened out and ready for business. He has fine, well lighted and heated rooms on the second floor and is equipped with all the late appliances for scientific dentistry.

Mrs. Emily Thorne, who resides at Toledo, Washington, says she has never been able to procure any medicine for rheumatism that relieves the pain so quickly and effectually as Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and that she has also used it for lame backs with great success. For sale at Palace Drug Store.

Paul Browne left last evening on a business trip to Milwaukee.

R. D. McLeod, of Eagle River, was in the city Monday on business and found time to call upon his many friends.

The Catholic social at the house of Mr. and Mrs. John Rezin last week was a very pleasant affair and profitable for the ladies.

Those who imagined that we wouldn't have much of a winter this year have changed their minds on account of the weather.

Miss Mattle Thompson, who has been visiting friends here for the past two weeks, returned to her home in Milwaukee Tuesday night.

The weather moderated somewhat yesterday, but the cold wave flag was put up at noon, and the wave got in early in the evening.

A large number attended the social given by the Catholic ladies last evening at the residence of Mrs. Vanstale. A pleasant time was had by all.

It's about time some more Mayoralty timber was trotted out. Its getting dull in that line. No one has been "mentioned" for several days.

R. V. Day and wife left for Hot Springs, Arkansas, Monday evening, where Mr. Day hopes to receive beneficial treatment for rheumatic trouble.

Judge S. H. Alban, and daughter Anna, and Mrs. A. D. Daniels left Monday evening for Albuquerque, New Mexico, where they will remain two or three months.

Rev. J. J. Baldwin, of Elkhorn, Wis., is conducting revival meetings at the Baptist church each evening. All are invited, and good sized audiences are the rule.

Spalding & Cole have an advertisement that will appeal to the innermost feelings of all. Look over their biscuit proposition and be sure and call at their store either Friday or Saturday.

Mrs. Helen Lewis, superintendent of evangelistic work for the W. C. T. U. will lead the union meeting at the Reading Room next Sunday afternoon. Her subject will be "Christ our Helper."

The fireman's ball occurs on the 14th inst. The cause is a worthy one. The fire department should have substantial encouragement and the dance will furnish a pleasant evening for all who attend.

An effort is being made by some to bare the Minocqua dam taken out. Who they are that want it done does not appear on the surface, but the opposition to such a proposition will be exceedingly lively.

Rev. Mr. Birch came up from Antigo Sunday and held Episcopal services at the residence of W. L. Beers. The new church is nearly ready for occupancy and services will be held there the first of next month.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the First Baptist church will hold a neekie social at their church parlors Wednesday evening, Feb. 13. Refreshments for two and a pretty neekie all for the sum of 25 cents. A cordial invitation is extended to all who wish a jolly evening profitably spent.

The following notice, which recently appeared in an English paper, might be put on the bulletin boards in our churches: "The service on Sunday morning is at 10:30 a. m. The supposition that it is ten minutes later is a mistake. Young men are not excluded from the weekly service. The seats in the front portion of the church have been carefully examined. They are quite sound and may be trusted not to give way. It is quite legitimate to join in the singing. The object of the choir is to encourage, not to discourage, the congregation."

A Des Moines woman who has been troubled with frequent colds, concluded to try an old remedy in a new way, and accordingly took a tablespoonful (four times the usual dose) of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy just before going to bed. The next morning she found that her cold had almost entirely disappeared. During the day she took a few doses of the remedy (one tablespoonful at a time) and at night again took a tablespoonful before going to bed, and on the following morning awoke free from all symptoms of the cold. Since then she has, on several occasions, used this remedy in like manner, with the same good results, and is much elated over her discovery of so quick a way of curing a cold.

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Geo. Joseph repairs guns and bicycles at Cory & Mack's store opposite City hotel.

J. H. J. H.

MARRIED—Lowe—Fendrich—At the Methodist parsonage Feb. 3, Willie Lowe, of McNaughton, Wis., to Augusta Fendrich, of the same place. Rev. D. C. Savage officiating.

The Lake Shore Lumber Co. came near losing a four horse team in Tomahawk Lake Monday. They broke through, sleigh and all, but a passing team was utilized to get them out without damage.

The Priscilla Literature Circle will discuss John Ruskin next Monday evening. Miss Leah Earle will read a paper on his place in general literature and Rev. J. H. Chandler will speak on Ruskin as a reformer.

So far no one has formally announced their candidacy for the Municipal Judgeship. It is an important as well as a good paying office under the provisions of the law now before the legislature.

An effort was made by several young men to get the Arion orchestra of Oshkosh, here for a party soon, but nothing has come of it. They are not coming this way and the distance is too great for a one night stand for them.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter A. Brown lost their five months old daughter Annie, Monday. The little one was taken with the grip a week ago, being of a slight constitution, passed away. The funeral services were held at his home yesterday afternoon. The interment was at Forest Home cemetery.

Francis Ulrich has received notification from the State Oil Inspector that he has been appointed Deputy Inspector for the district comprising Oneida, Vilas and Forest counties. The appointment is a satisfactory one to the people, and Francis will faithfully discharge his duties.

At the evening service at Union Congregational Church next Sunday Rev. J. H. Chandler will speak on some lessons of Lincoln's Life. The oratory solo will be by Miss Clyde Bailey, who leaves next week for Milwaukee. Miss Bailey has done excellent service in the choir at the Congregational Church and will be much missed.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Egloff are keeping house in the rooms over W. L. Beers' store. They moved last week, and The New North had it that it was their store and not their home which had been moved. The mistake was a disagreeable one alike to Mr. and Mrs. Egloff and to this office, and we hasten to correct it. How it came to be made is a question between one of the employees of the office, the drayman who furnished the news and the compositor who set it up. We want to do no one an injustice and therefore gladly say that it's a horse on us and that Egloff's Jewelry store is at its old and present location to stay.

John A. Logan Post will attend services in a body on Sunday evening, Feb. 10, at the M. E. church. The occasion is the commemoration of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, it being the 56 anniversary and known to all patriotic societies as "Union Defenders Day." On this occasion all comrades of the G. A. R., all ex-soldiers, sailors and sons of veterans are cordially invited to meet at Post headquarters at 7 p. m. sharp, and accompany the Post to the church.

Done by order of the commander.

F. M. Mason, Adj.

Rev. W. D. Cole, of Whitewater, Wis., will deliver a lecture in the M. E. Church Feb. 25 at 7:30 p. m. Subject, "The Rejected Stone." Mr. Cole delivered his famous lecture on Abraham Lincoln, in this city last winter, which was listened to by a large and appreciative audience. He is one of the finest orators of the day. The following is what the press say about Mr. Cole's lecture:

The address was pronounced one of the most masterly ever given in this city, and no abstract, and hardly a verbatim report, could give adequate idea of its strength and power—Elkhorn Blade.

It was a fine address teeming with lofty thoughts, earnest admonitions, vigorous denunciation of governmental evils, and beautiful tributes to Lincoln, Washington, Grant, Webster, and others among the nation's great men. From first to last it was a patriotic address, and characterized by a moral and spiritual vein that almost clasped it as a

"The People of the Mist," the new serial by H. Rider Haggard, begins in this issue of the New North. Don't miss it.

John Hanson and wife, of Minocqua, was in the city Wednesday.

Geo. Marshall, of Woodboro, spent Sunday in the city.

## GONE TO HIS FINAL REST.

William H. Brown's Sufferings Ended Monday at El Paso, Texas.

Monday forenoon a dispatch was received by relatives here that W. H. Brown had died at El Paso, Texas, that morning. The end was expected and though the news was a painful shock to his kin and the entire community, all knew that it was simply a question of time when the disease which had fastened itself upon him would overcome his indomitable will and constitution.

Nearly a year ago a hard cold terminated in tuberculosis.

He sank rapidly and despite the best of treatment and attendance his life could not be saved.

In Oct. he went to the south, accompanied by his wife and nurse.

Although appearances indicated an improvement

for a time, the change did no more

than to prolong his lease of life.

The end came peacefully and Mr. Brown was fully resigned to his fate.



Y  
OU who capture hearts in plenty,  
Gold-haired and gay,  
You will get some tea or twenty Valentine's day.  
Each one with his message tender  
Overs the bridge of the slender:  
She is Cupid's way.  
I will find my own confession  
In among the rest.  
It is every man's impulsion  
That you love him best,  
So like nine or nineteen others  
Of my sentimental brothers.  
I am one who easily smoothes  
Love within his breast.  
But I know you, little flirt you!  
Hooray! Indeed, I've found  
That's the very vice of virtue  
From your fan.  
Every line of love you'll patry.  
Of these twenty men who stay,  
Then at last go and marry  
Number twenty-one!  
—Felix Cullen, in Life.

## PADDY'S FINE VALENTINES.

ULIUS CESAR PADDY was a clerk in a retail dry goods store. It is difficult to imagine that an individual bearing so historic a baptismal name should be decreed by fate to wear it in the commonplace atmosphere of a mercantile life, but that is what it was.

To behold Mr. Padd on a Sunday afternoon, or on some evening, after the multitudinous affairs of business had ceased until the morrow, one would almost have been led to believe that the baptismal name was scarcely adequate to the man, for when Mr. Padd had cast aside the enthralling shackles of dependent circumstances and stood forth in the full freedom of a small-salaried clerk off duty, he might readily have been mistaken for a railroad magnate, or a bank official with an evident inclination toward some country wheresoever law is not.

At such periods it required an exceedingly imaginative brain to grasp the thought that the individual who whirled past in the newest, and most stylish of rigs—to the utter annihilation of his week's salary—or who occupied one of a reared pair of orchestral chairs front, was but the same person who smilingly tore down one side of a dry goods establishment to enable some undecided female to select a spool of thread, or who rewound yards upon yards of Hamburgs and other decorative goods which similar discontented creatures had examined with a thoroughness known only to the feminine mind.

Mr. Padd cherished intentions which, if rightly matured, as they certainly would be in the course of human events, would give to his existence that colour de rose which the poets affirm constitutes earthly felicity.

Mr. Padd's intentions were of a matrimonial nature.

He loved. In this case the sentiment was a species of mild insanity that often attacks young men of a marriageable age and an unmarriageable salary, and Mr. Padd exhibited many of the symptoms in an aggravated form.

He took in two or three extra squares each day in walking to and from his place of business that he might pass the abode which sheltered the idol of his soul, and, perchance, be rewarded by a smile, or look of recognition from the fair occupant.

The fair being who thus agitated the placidity of Mr. Padd's existence was a Miss Melinda Smythe—her father spelled it Smith in bygone days.

This maiden dwelt with her mother, whose small income was obtained by working early and late at dressmaking.

Miss Melinda led a lily-of-the-field existence, and while her mother drudged, and cooked, and sewed in the little back room, her daughter received in the front apartment, or went out to concert and theaters, from which she brought back lyrical souvenirs to be distributed, with the aid of a cheap rented piano, to the neighborhood at frequent intervals.

From the department of Miss Melinda in public, one was led to regret that a life of fashionable dissipation had brought enigma to so young a creature, and when she referred to "her residence," it was in a tone that at once suggested a brown-stone front, plate glass and an extensive retinue.

In Mr. Padd's eyes, her bearing was simply regal, and he rejoiced in the distinguished atmosphere of her presence, unmindful of any doubts of its genuineness.

Miss Melinda had gained her knowledge of aristocratic deportment from theatrical bands and the pages of that mercantile school of literature she delighted in devouring in prodigious quantities, but as Mr. Padd's ideas had been generated by the same equatorial source, he detected none of the flaws patent to a more acute or less interesting person.

Mr. Padd's lodgings comprised the most economical part of his existence, being in an obscure street, in a building where the look of abject-gentle poverty. Considering the dispiriting surroundings, it is little marvel that Mr. Padd frequently sought the charming companionship of Miss

Melinda Smythe, or entertained, in secret, visions of a vine-embowered cottage, with this dignity as its presiding deity, for if there be any excuse for a rash plunge into the tempestuous sea of matrimony it is that the unfortunate victim leaps from the positive infelicity of the typical obscure boarding house into the blissful unknown.

Mr. Padd's sojourn at these lodgings, however, was a matter of policy, both on account of the cheapness of bed and board, and also on the score that, owing to the undisguised partiality of the landlady's daughter for this particular boarder the mother was more lenient in collecting his arrears and more indulgent in many of the minor workings of the establishment, including choice morsels at the table and a thoughtful supervision of his wardrobe and room.

Owing to these several advantages he lingered on, yet refused to allow his perturbed heart to be softened by the blandishments of the daughter more than was essential to his own comfort and convenience as a privileged boarder.

When he wished an extension of credit or to secure some especial favor Mr. Padd was wont to escort his landlady's daughter, in whose fashioning nature had neglected to include any coquettishness, to some place of worship or to an entertainment where the price of admission was most moderate, sufficing untold anxiety the while lest the odious Tom Jones should be lurking in the sunlight of Miss Melinda's presence during this voluntary exile on his part.

Mr. Padd's finances were slowly recovering from the severe drain to which they had been subjected during the Christmas. February he was walking leisurely from business towards his lodgings, calculating a method by which he might be able to pay some bills, long since due, yet retain a sufficient surplus to treat the fair Melinda, secure in the expectation of a cordial greeting—nay, perhaps a tender one—found himself met with chilling scorn,



"EXCUSE, YOU VILLAIN."

perversity known in no other thing save women. It now gave as positive evidence of a speedy fall of snow.

As he passed down the street his attention was drawn to a crowd gathered before a stationer's window, and prominent among them was the ever obnoxious Tom Jones, who, with the others, was absorbed in the contemplation of a display of valentines.

At once the green-eyed monster suggested the idea that this exasperating rascal was even then engaged in selecting one of those dainty missives by means of which he might convey to the object of their admiration an accurate state of his feelings, and Mr. Padd at once decided on adopting similar measures in an avowal of the passion that alike consumed his soul and salary.

Now, it would seem that from a well-stocked assortment of valentines one might readily make a selection, but Mr. Padd found a difficult task.

Many of these dainty messengers appeared too cold and indifferent to suit the critical taste of this customer; others were too obscene a nature to portray the proper intensity of emotion that stirred the profound depths of Mr. Padd's soul.

Finally he chose one, in which arrow-pierced hearts and very fat cupids—who were evidently in the same plight as Flora McFlamey—together with congenital doves, clasped hands, mottoes of truth, fidelity, constancy and devotion, with other symbols representing a harmonious state of affairs generally, were scattered prodigally over gilded paper in silicate design.

As Mr. Padd turned to go his eyes fell on a pile of comic valentines which lay near.

Some one has said the destiny of a nation turns frequently upon a small pivot. That of an individual is often as delicately poised.

This careless glance proved the turning point which overthrew fortune, and enthroned her unwelcome kinswoman in the near future of Mr. Padd's existence.

The topmost valentine portrayed a spinster-looking female, seated at an antiquated piano, which she was laboring in a blood-curling way in accompaniment to some operatic gem supposed to be issuing from her very extensive mouth. An unhappy feline, with arched back, distended eyes and enlarged candle appendage, lifted up her agonized wail from an adjacent flute.

It is a cause for little wonder, therefore, that any allusion to St. Valentine's day now causes a deep depression to settle on his once susceptible heart and a chill to pervade his sensitive being.—Detroit Free Press.

show this souvenir of St. Valentine on the landlady's daughter, who also thumped the piano, and setting on the sudden impulse he bought the missive.

When at his lodgings he directed both valentines, feeling secure on the one hand that his landlady's daughter was not familiar with his penmanship, and writing on the sentimental one the initials J. C. P., that Miss Melinda might not mistake the sender.

On St. Valentine's day, Mr. Padd arose somewhat later than usual, and hurriedly went down to breakfast, forgetting the two missives lying upon the table in his room.

While he was eating the maid-of-all-work started on her cleaning tour, and with the proudest acuteness that enables members of her ilk to detect anything save dirt or disorder, the two forgotten valentines, in their white wrappers, were the first things to attract her attention.

As they had not been sealed, it was but a few seconds until she was mirthfully regarding the rival musicians of the one, and feasting her eyes upon the prodigal collection of love tokens contained in the other.

She had scarcely time, on hearing approaching footsteps, to return the valentines to the wrappers, unconsciously changing them in her haste, and take up her broom with as innocent an expression as the occasion demanded when Mr. Padd hurriedly entered, picked up the envelopes, sealed them, and thrust them into his pocket, totally ignorant of the exchange which had been made.

That evening after business Mr. Padd sought the nearest tonsorial artist, under whose especial care he placed himself for the next half hour, then he wended his happy way to the abode of his soul's ideal.

Imagine the consternation of the hapless Mr. Padd, who, on presenting himself to the fair Miss Melinda, secure in the expectation of a cordial greeting—nay, perhaps a tender one—found himself met with chilling scorn,

## WOMAN AND HOME.

### TREATMENT FOR COLIC.

The Remedies of Our Grandmothers Are of Little Use.

Humorous allusions to "colicky babies" are never fully appreciated until the condition is observed in each individual's own offspring, and then somehow the humorous side is gone, for of all rest-disturbing ailments, colic takes the lead.

Overfeeding is a prolific cause, and very often by reducing the food supply the ailment disappears of itself. But some qualities of the milk will produce colic, so that it is as well to have a cure ready. It nearly always comes at night, but cannot be timed invariably, for if the mother or nurse count on a couple of hours of rest through the day, it is just as likely to arrive then. "Total depravity" can be applied to colic as well as other things.

The symptoms are sudden, piercing cries and contraction of the legs. Some attacks are very severe, while others are mild. Catnip tea and paregoric, the remedies of our grandmothers, are of little use, for they only soothe without expelling the wind which causes the disturbance. Drops and cordials are useless for the same reason. Peppermint was about the only thing then used which removed the cause, and that was made to stupefy by adding laudanum.

The remedy now in vogue with uniformly good results is salsap. The tablets are sold extensively for indigestion, but a liquid form is best for babies. Get a ten per cent. solution, and for a child up to a month old take one-half teaspoonful of mint to three of warm water, slightly sweetened. Increase the dose with age.

The effect of this simple remedy in most cases is almost magical. The wind is thrown off in an incredibly short time and the after effect is to soothe the nerves, so that sleep comes swiftly in its train. There is nothing deleterious in its composition, for the sole ingredients are carbonate soda, ammonia and pipe menthol. Enough water must be given to kill the taste of the salsap, which is very disagreeable.

Hot applications to the stomach are of first importance in this complaint. Flannel bands heated at the fire or wrung out of hot water, hot salt wrapped in flannel or a hot-water bottle next the skin all help a speedy cure. But no medicine is lasting. With attention to the diet the number and duration of attacks may become shorter, but it will very likely be three months before they subside. Kenneth Wood, in St. Louis Republic.

### NEAT SHAVING PAD.

A Pleasing Present for a Man Who Is His Own Barber.

A shaving pad is always an acceptable present to a man who is his own tonsorial artist. A pretty and inexpensive one is made by taking two pieces of chamois nine inches long and four and a half inches in width. Pick both long sides and one short side on



both back and front pieces. Place leaves of white tissue paper inside, a trifle smaller than the covering. Punch holes clear through paper and chamois, and lace with ribbon. Tie first in a hard knot, then in long loops so as to hang. On one side of the cover place an appropriate design. The one here shown is of tan-colored chamois, embroidered in blue forget-me-nots, with sharing ring and brush done in outline with the same color. Keep your mug clean" to be done the same way. Blue ribbons are used for lacing. Designs may be painted instead of embroidered.—Woman's World.

Some Things to Learn.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn how to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room. Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows. Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in the world keep the bad to yourself. Learn to hide your pains and aches under a pleasant smile. No one cares to hear whether you have the rheumatic, headache or rheumatism. Don't cry. Tears do well enough in novels, but they are out of place in real life. Learn to meet your friends with a smile. The good-humored man or woman is always welcome, but the dyspeptic or hypochondriac is not wanted anywhere, and is a nuisance as well.—Detroit Tribune.

### BROILING IN A FRYING PAN.

When one has no means of broiling over coals or under heat the next best thing is broiling in a pan. For example, have a steak cut about an inch thick; after making the frying pan very hot sprinkle in some fine salt and lay the steak in the pan. Cook for two minutes, then lift the steak up and sprinkle the pan with salt; turn the steak and cook for two minutes; cook the piece of meat ten minutes in all, turning it every two minutes; then put the meat on a hot dish and season with salt and pepper.

### HOW TO SHOOT WELL.

Hints for Women Who Would Handle Rifle or Revolver.

There are some secrets or rather points in regard to shooting a revolver that are worth while considering.

Possibly, however, the tiger in the jungle and the bear in the mountain are targets do not allure you; but you may have the misguided midnight burglar to contemplate. It may be well just here to remark, in parenthesis, that the efficacy of pistols in the jungle is open to doubt, but the burglar is always with us, and we ought to know the very best and most finding way of shooting him.

The following hints are given on the authority of a gentleman who is an expert shot:

How to stand and how to hold the weapon is of greatest importance. The body must be balanced equally on each foot (even if your burglar escapes meanwhile) slightly facing the target, and the arm held perfectly straight out. The hand grasps the revolver high on the butt, with the thumb well around to the inside and straight, and the trigger finger entirely free. This throws the work of holding the revolver wholly on the outer fingers. The object of this position of the hand is to

get the barrel in exact line with the arm when extended, thus bringing the target, the sights and eye in one line.

This position also minimizes the effect of trembling and rotating the arm.

The weapon being properly aimed it should be held there, and the trigger very gently and steadily pressed. The mind should forget the possibility of an explosion, and the whole attention devoted to holding the sight of the revolver in exactly the proper position on the target.

Above all things should the shooter keep up steady pressure with the trigger finger, and on no account yield to the temptation to add just a little more force suddenly. The technical terms expressing these qualifications are "good holder," and "good trigger pull." The revolver is peculiarly an American weapon. The Americans have made scenes never approached by any other nation. Not only are they first, but they occupy every position between that and the twentieth. The weapons in use are the quick firing or self-cocking and single action. What the self-cocker gains in rapidity of action is more lost by lack of accuracy. Still there are records where one has been able to put five shots in space of one foot square at a distance of thirty-six feet in four-fifths of one second. Such work is exceptional.

There is a certain class of individuals who cannot put three bricks in line on a table. Such of course can never learn to shoot. Further, the sight of a pistol may send the cold shivers down your back. In this case also, you will have something to overcome before you can become an expert shot.

"I always expect them to go off whether they are loaded or not," I overheard a young girl say recently, speaking of pistols. "I am quite sure they can go off without regard to cartridges."

### CUSHION FOR PINS.

suitable for the Toilet Table of Any Woman or Girl.

Though this looks like a big, bright blossom, it is only a rosette made of a strip of soft bias satin folded over a roll of soft cotton. The satin strip is a yard long and three inches wide; it is

folded double (over the cotton), gathered and sewed round and round, to a padded and covered circle of ermine or thin canvas. The center is filled with knots and stitches in coarse yellow silk floss, to resemble the center of a flower, and a narrow ribbon loop is sewed to the back to hang it up by. It is pretty in any shade of pink, yellow, wine, terra cotta or old rose, and resembles a rose, a little double hollyhock or a zinnia blossom, according to color. It is a pretty ornament when stuck full of little fancy pins. Any woman or girl would like one for her toilet table.—American Agriculturist.

Some Things to Learn.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn how to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room. Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows. Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in the world keep the bad to yourself. Learn to hide your pains and aches under a pleasant smile. No one cares to hear whether you have the rheumatic, headache or rheumatism. Don't cry. Tears do well enough in novels, but they are out of place in real life. Learn to meet your friends with a smile. The good-humored man or woman is always welcome, but the dyspeptic or hypochondriac is not wanted anywhere, and is a nuisance as well.—Detroit Tribune.

The Gigantic Medical Roller.

The huge ruff was brought from Italy to France by Catherine de Medicis.

It became so wide that spoons, with handles, were used to eat off it. A box of Tea Cents or Five Pairs of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address REVERBLE COLLAR COMPANY, 71 Franklin St., New York.

Raphael, Angelo, Kansas, Texas.

The "LINEEN" is the Best and Most Economical Collar and Cuff worn; they are made of fine cotton, both sides finished alike, being reversible, one collar is equal to two or three other kinds.

They are wider than ruff and look ruff. A box of Tea Cents or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address REVERBLE COLLAR COMPANY, 71 Franklin St., New York.

Linene Co., Raphael, Angelo, Kansas, Texas.

Lineen Co., Raphael, Angelo,

## WISCONSIN STATE NEWS.

### WISCONSIN LEGISLATURE.

**Senate.**  
Madison, Wis., Jan. 28.—In the assembly Monday night bills of importance were referred as follows: Regulating railroad companies to offer mileage tools for sale which can be used by families at the rate of 2 cents a mile in \$1000 books; providing for the extension of leases of after-acquired property; authorizing and allowing the laws in reference to town insurance companies; extending the right of franchises to women and to Indians who have been declared citizens.

**Madison, Wis., Jan. 21.**—In the senate Tuesday a joint resolution requesting the secretary of state and state treasurer to submit to the legislature a detailed statement of all loans made from the trust fund of the state to school districts from April 15, 1892, to January 7, 1893, was introduced by Senator Baier. A bill for the appointment of a deep channels commission for Wisconsin was introduced by Senator Mills. The governor submitted the following nominations as members of the board of regents of normal schools: E. D. Cox of Whitewater; Frank Ostrander of Superior; W. A. Brown of Marquette; Charles Pritchett of Milwaukee; James O. Raymond of Stevens Point, and A. E. Thompson of Oshkosh.

**Madison, Wis., Jan. 21.**—In the senate Wednesday a bill was introduced making the office of labor commissioners elective, and authorizing the governor to appoint a new commissioner, who shall hold office from March 1, 1893, to January 7, 1897; to appropriate annually for two years the money derived by the additional tax of one-fifth of a mill to the state university; providing for arbitration to end later disputes and also to provide a way to settle disputes between neighbors or business men. It provides for the election of three arbitrators at the spring election to whom all civil and private lawsuits shall be first referred. The circuit court is to take jurisdiction of such cases until they have been before the arbitrators.

**Madison, Wis., Feb. 1.**—In the senate bills were introduced making vaccination of children compulsory; to provide a contingent fund of \$50,000 to be used in preventing invasions of cholera or other contagious disease.

**Madison, Wis., Feb. 2.**—The secretary of state and the state treasurer on Friday presented to the legislature a detailed report of the condition of state finances. The report showed that the retiring administrative left warrants to the amount of \$102,670 unpaid when they retired, and that in addition there were warrants to the amount of \$47,520 drawn after January 1 and left unpaid. Memorials from ex-State Treasurers Baetz and Kraatz asking release from judgments found against them to compel the return of interest monies to the state were presented in both houses.

**In the Senate.**  
A number of students promoted from lower grades having entered the junior department of the high school in Eau Claire, the upper classmen concocted a plan whereby eight of the new male scholars were inveigled into the basement of the building by about twice their number and then thrown into a cold-air shaft and kept there until discovered by the principal. Several expulsions were threatened.

**Wisconsin Regents.**

The following university regents have been appointed by Gov. Upham:

State at large, H. W. Chasenow; Madison, First district, O. H. Fether; Janesville, Third district, W. A. Jones; Mineral Point, Sixth district, Frank Chaloner; Oshkosh, Eighth district, O. E. Clark; Appleton.

**Consumed by Fire.**

The barn and outbuildings on Charles Wilkes' farm in the town of Center were consumed by fire. Five horses and seven head of cattle were lost. A year's grain and tobacco crops were also consumed. Loss, \$1,000 no insurance.

**The News Contender.**

Hans Hauser was found in an unconscious condition at the Douglas hotel in Superior. A surgical examination developed that he was suffering from a murderous assault.

William M. Davis, of Highland Center, obtained a judgment of \$1,000 against the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway for injuries received in a wreck in Iowa.

P. D. Armour and other Chicagoans have made all preparations to begin the running of coaches between Milwaukee and Oconomowoc, commencing some time in June.

Fred Nolan, employed in a mill at Mills Center, was instantly killed by falling against a circular saw, his head being severed from the body. He leaves a widow and child.

Gen. L. W. Halsey, of Milwaukee, commander of the Wisconsin brigade, uniformed rank, Knights of Pythias, tendered his resignation owing to pressure of private business.

Anna Koelpin brought suit in the superior court against Otto H. Sasse for \$10,000 damages for breach of promise to marry her. The defendant is a Winona florist and is alleged to be worth \$12,000.

Frederick H. Madgeburg has been appointed receiver of the Herkia Fire Insurance company at Madison by Judge Johnson.

Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, who has served as pastor of the First Congregational church in Beloit for ten years, tendered his resignation. It caused much surprise.

Application of female students at Lawrence university at Appleton, to participate in military drill, was denied on the ground that the drill is too severe exercise.

Patrick Scott, a journeyman bridge builder of Chicago, was sentenced in Milwaukee to three years in the house of correction because he was convicted of the charge of having burglar tools in his possession.

Charles Rode, a Milwaukee letter carrier, was arrested for robbing the mails. He has been stealing for two years.

The barn and outbuildings on Charles Wilkes' farm in the town of Center were consumed by fire, and five horses and seven head of cattle were lost. A year's grain and tobacco crops were also burned.

G. Phillip Hunkel, a well-known insurance agent, fell upon the sidewalk near his home in Milwaukee, fracturing his skull and dying within a few hours.

Alma E. Bragg, mother of Mrs. W. D. Hoard, died at the residence of her son-in-law, ex-Gov. Hoard, in Fort Atkinson, aged 80 years.

Mrs. Simmons' house and contents at Black River Falls was burned, the occupants barely escaping with their lives, and without clothes.

Fire destroyed the barrel factory of the Glenwood Manufacturing company, employing about 100 hands. The loss was estimated at \$10,000.

J. W. McCarty was killed at Porter by the bursting of a buzz saw.

A company has been formed at Astoria to build a road from that place to St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Milwaukee's charity ball was denounced by Rev. Dr. Eaton in a paper read before the Masters' association.

### CAME TO BLOWS.

Breckinridge and Heard Create a Sensation in the House.

Washington, Feb. 4.—In the course of a discussion in the house Friday afternoon an alteration took place between Congressmen Breckinridge (dem., Ky.) and Heard (dem., Mo.) which was attended with much excitement. Mr. Heard had moved the previous question on the resolution before the house, while Mr. Breckinridge was on the floor trying to get recognition to speak. Mr. Heard is the chairman of the committee of the District of Columbia affairs, to which the day had been awarded, and was anxious to proceed with the business. Mr. Heard declared he wanted to know whether the house was to be allowed to do business or if some member anxious to make a bungcombe speech was to occupy the time.

Mr. Breckinridge crossed over to where Mr. Heard was sitting and told him in a threatening manner that he could do no district business during the day under that rule and denounced his action as impudent and, according to Mr. Heard's understanding and that of gentlemen around him, called him a scoundrel. Mr. Heard, rising to his feet, became separated from Mr. Breckinridge by Mr. Cobb of Alabama, a member of the district committee, angrily reported that Breckinridge was a liar.

The rusty face of the noted Kentuckian flushed even a deeper red at this, and springing upon the seat platform from the aisle, he vigorously attempted to strike Mr. Heard.

Friends of both gentlemen undertook to adjust the difficulty. The result of their labors appeared later in the day when Mr. Heard rose and stated that his friends were of the opinion that he had not withdrawn the language offensive to Mr. Breckinridge, after that gentleman had disclaimed the language which gave him (Heard) offense. He would then do so, saying he had intended to do so in the first instance.

Thereupon Mr. Breckinridge expressed his satisfaction, renewed his apologies to the house for creating the scene and begged the pardon of all concerned. The whole matter was on motion of Mr. Goodnight (dem., Ky.) ordered to be omitted from the record.

The speaker shouted for order and directed the sergeant-at-arms to arrest the gentlemen. Their appearance in the area in front of the clerk's desk was the signal for partial quiet. The speaker then directed the two men to take their seats. This they did and Mr. Breckinridge rose to apologize to the house and to the speaker, and at the same time withdraw the remark that gave offense.

### DIED AT HER POST.

Minnie Hammer Falls a Victim to Her Own Heroism.

CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 2.—The Deaconess home on Jennings avenue was destroyed by fire Friday morning and four persons were burned to death. The dead are Albert Allmeyer, Minnie Hammer, an 8-month-old baby and Jacob Krause.

The fire started in the basement, presumably from the furnace, and before it could be extinguished four of the fifteen persons in the house and hospital were dead, and the building almost entirely destroyed. Brave work on the part of the firemen and police alone prevented a further loss. The fire started about 11 o'clock.

Before the fire department had arrived and before the flames had reached the outside of the building, Minnie Hammer, one of the nurses, appeared at the window and implored those below to assist her in getting out her patient, who was William Allmeyer, one of the men burned. All saw that it would be folly to attempt to enter the building, which was now burning fiercely.

"Jump to the porch and save yourself!" they cried to her, as she was but 15 or 16 feet above the broad veranda roof.

"I cannot leave my patient," was the reply of the brave woman, as she turned to look back into the room, evidently to quiet the fears of Allmeyer, who thought she was going to leave him.

For a moment the brave woman stood looking down into the crowd below her, and then duty triumphed over her desire to be saved. The smoke was pouring from the windows about her and her white, startled face appeared as a picture in a frame of darkest ebony. Then she turned into the room and she was seen no more until her blackened form was carried tenderly from the building shortly after. She was found burned in a frightful manner at the foot of her patient's bed.

### FREE COINAGE MEN AHEAD.

They Will Have About Ten Majority in the National Senate.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—Many eastern republican senators are getting telegrams and letters from their constituents urging them to stand by the president and lay aside party feeling and aid in passing a sound currency bill. This has impelled a cession of the senate, which shows forty-seven for free coinage of silver and thirty-nine against. The admission of Senators Wilson, of Washington, and Clarke, of Montana, will increase the free silver vote to forty-nine.

Reported to be Afloat.

Chicago, Feb. 5.—A report gained circulation Sunday evening along the shore of Lake Michigan from South Chicago, Ill., to Whiting, Ind., to the effect that the hull of the steamer Chicora was floating outside the ice-fields between those ports, and that the forms of human beings could be discerned moving thereon. Several attempts to reach the supposed wreck ended in failure, and darkness coming on the efforts were given over. Little credence has been given by old lake men to the supposition that any of those on board the ill-fated boat have survived.

### BIRD AND BEAST.

The eye of the vulture is so constructed that it is a high power telescope enabling the bird to see objects at an almost incredible distance.

The chameleon's eyes are situated in bony sockets projecting from the head. By this contrivance the animal can see in any direction without the slightest motion save of the eye.

The elephant is commonly supposed to be a slow, clumsy animal, but, when excited or frightened, can attain a speed of twenty miles an hour, and can keep it up for half a day.

Reprinted to be Afloat.

Chicago, Feb. 5.—A report gained

# Speaking from her Experience,

After years of practical use and a trial of many brands of baking powder (some of which she recommended before becoming acquainted with the great qualities of the Royal), Marion Harland finds the Royal Baking Powder to be greatly superior to all similar preparations, and states that she uses it exclusively, and deems it an act of justice and a pleasure to recommend it unqualifiedly to American Housewives.

The testimony of this gifted authority upon Household Economy coincides with that of millions of housekeepers, many of whom speak from knowledge obtained from a continuous use of Royal Baking Powder for a third of a century.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

### Two Kinds of It.

The landlady had left the star boarder to carve the fowl while she went out into the kitchen to see about some of the other portions of the feast. Presently she stuck her head in the door.

"Isn't that carving done yet?" she asked in a tone implying that it was not, and was not because the boarder didn't know any more about carving than a Philadelphian knows about rapid transit.

"It is, madam," he responded with the sweetest grace imaginable, "but the chicken is not," and he passed it over to her with the raw edges showing through in half a dozen places.

Detroit Free Press.

Just for a Change.

"The doctor has ordered me to try a change for a while," said Mrs. Gabb.

"Then if I were you I would go to a photographer's and have my picture taken," said Mr. Gabb.

"Why should I do that?" asked the lady, as she brought her teeth together with a click.

"Because the photographer will tell you to look pleasant, and if you obey him it will be the greatest change that you could possibly experience," N. Y. Mail and Express.

WHO WINS THE \$100?

A novel way to obtain a suitable name for their great, yes, wonderful new oats, has been adopted by the John A. Salzer Seed Co. They offer \$100 for a name for their new oats; their catalogue tells all about it. Farmers are enthusiastic over the oat, claiming 20 bushels can be grown per acre right along. You will want it.

Farmers report six tons of hay from Schatz's Meadow Mixtures 112 bushels corn per acre in a dry season, and 1,616 bushels potatoes to two acres.

If you will cut this out and send it with the postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you get free their mammoth catalogue and a package of above \$100 Prize Oats.

Mr. Goodnight—"Yes, I do feel in good spirits this evening. My boy has passed his examination." The Earl—"Well, I don't see anything in that. So has mine." Mr. Goodchild—"Er—Indian civil?" The Earl—"No; bankruptcy!" Punch.

6.00 to California.

It is price of double berth in Tourist Sleeping Car from Minneapolis on the famous "Phillips-Rock Island Tourist Excursions." Through cars on fast trains leave Minneapolis Tuesdays via Kansas City, Ft. Worth and El Paso, a superb southern route. Write for particulars to A. Phillips & Co., 123 Guaranty Loan Bldg., Minneapolis.

John Sebastian, G. P. A., Chicago.

Higher—"There goes a man who takes things as he finds them." Robbins—"A philosopher?" Higher—"No; a rag picker." Brooklyn Life.

Out in the Cold.

Political candidates may be unexpectedly left out in the cold when the returns come in, but people who elect to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters for dyspepsia, liver, kidney or bladder inactivity, constipation, malaria or complaints or nervousness, are never left in the cold or elsewhere. Well may physicians lend their unqualified commendation to this time-honored and unfailing medicine.

ANTIQUARIA (examining a Schiller autograph)—"Is this grease spot genuine?"—Elegante Blaster.

TAKE the Queen & Crescent Route to Knoxville and Asheville. Only through car to Cincinnati and to Astoria.

We don't know what we can do till we try, and then we frequently find that we can't. —Puck.

### If you have Rheumatism

Or any other pain, you don't take chances with St. Jacobs Oil, for twenty years ago it began to kill pain, and it's been pain-killing ever since.

To New Orleans the Queen & Crescent Route is the direct line 90 miles shorter from Cincinnati. Solid vestibuled trains.

Say—"How fearful it must be for a great singer to have her voice lost?"—she does make a great jam at the bargain counter."—Cincinnati Tribune.

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# CLARK & LENNON - Builders' and Lumbermen's Hardware

Spring  
of  
1895.

## NEW WASH GOODS

We are now prepared to show you New Wash Fabrics manufactured for the spring of 1895.

HERE  
ARE  
SOME  
of the New Things in all their glory:

Corded French Ging- hams.

Swivel Silks,  
Kohinoor Pongees,  
Japonette,  
Florentine Pongees,  
Organdies,  
Silk Stripe Challies.  
Parkhill Zephyr Ging- hams,

Toille du Nord Ging- hams,

Tela Vela Ducks,  
Canvas Back Duck,  
Jaconas,  
Serpentine Crepe,  
Drap de Savoy.

We Cordially Invite you to call and see the most beautiful Wash Goods ever displayed in this city.

**C. E. CRUSOE & CO.**

Prices Always the Lowest.

**THE NEW NORTH.**  
BISHOP & OGDEN, Publishers.

### LOCAL TIME TABLES.

**Chicago & Northwestern R'y.**  
NORTH BOUND.

No. 1-Daily Atlantic Mail and Express 11:01 A.M.  
No. 2-Ashland Mail and Express 11:01 A.M.  
SOUTH BOUND.

No. 3-Daily Atlantic Mail and Express 1:15 P.M.  
No. 4-Ashland Mail and Express 1:15 P.M.

H. C. BREWER, AGENT.

**Minneapolis, St. Paul & St. Paul Ste. Marie R'y.**

EAST BOUND.  
Atlantic Limited 1:05 A.M. Daily  
Aeromotor 6:25 A.M. Daily  
Way Freight 1:15 P.M. Daily

WEST BOUND.  
Pacific Limited 2:15 A.M. Daily  
Aeromotor 6:25 A.M. Daily  
Way Freight 1:15 P.M. Daily  
Close connection for Tomahawk, La Crosse,  
Madison, Milwaukee and all points north of  
Feeling. In effect Jan. 2, 1895.

G. M. CHAMBERS, AGENT.

The bill introduced to make supplies a lien on logs, has been killed in the Assembly.

In another column of this issue is a copy of the municipal court bill prepared here, endorsed by the county board and now before the legislature for passage.

A bill has been introduced into the Assembly forcing railroads to sell 2500 mile books at \$10.00 each, good for any member of the firm or their families, and good on all roads in the state.

The selection by Gov. Upham of Hon. James O. Raymond, of Stevens Point, for a position on the board of Normal school regents, was a good one. Mr. Raymond is an excellent man for such a position.

The Rainy Lake country seems to be a bad one for prospectors this sort of weather. The thermometer is working away between forty and fifty below zero, and a number of prospectors have died from the cold.

There is one thing that can be said in defense of the rapidity with which the Democrats have increased the public debt. The ratio is no greater than debts have increased with some of us who aren't the government.

Oneida county has reason to be proud of its representative in the legislature. Mr. Yankie has taken a leading place among his colleagues and is universally looked upon as one of the brainiest men in the house. And he is.

It's safe to predict that no radical anti-railroad legislation will be enacted in Wisconsin this year. There are pretty trying times with railroad corporations, and to hamper them at such a time with legislation would certainly be bad policy for the state and might seriously cripple the roads without giving any relief to the people.

A petition asking Judge Winslow to stand for re-election has been signed by nearly all the local bar. But there are a good many people who don't exactly like to have the lawyers name judges and it looks very much as though Judge Clementson will receive a large vote. As between the two men there seems to be but little difference as to qualification.

The proposition made to the legislature to release Ex-Treasurers Baetz and Kuehn from their obligations is one thing that should be promptly and vigorously squelched. The republican party cannot afford to go on record as favoring any compromise whatever, when the party is already on record as opposed to it. However unjust, the ex-treasurers must pay all that the courts say they owe, and it seems incredible that any Republican votes in the legislature would be cast on other lines.

The Rev. Mr. Eaton's arraignment of Milwaukee swagzer set, has given him more newspaper notoriety than any Wisconsin divine has had for years. Mr. Eaton is a bright brainy man, and his fear is small. He is a master of language and in any cause he advocates could make a good showing, but it looks very much as though he had been misinformed about the facts of his present topic. He is sincere in his belief that his information about the charity ball was correct, but his enthusiasm and unreliable information have gotten him into a position which will make him work some to hold up his end.

The Antigo Republican last week brought out the name of Ex-Gov. W. D. Hoard for Department commander of the G. A. R. It states that he will be the choice of the Northern Wisconsin delegates and we know that so far as the Ithacelander post is concerned that he is the choice. And moreover, we want to say that the state G. A. R. will do its self credit by electing him. Capt. L. J. Billings, of this city, who was prominently mentioned for the place, declines to be a candidate and is heartily in favor of the Ex-Governor.

### INTEREST ON TAX CERTIFICATES.

TO THE EDITOR:

Anyone who is at all familiar with our early history, and its legislation—especially when Wisconsin was a territory, and there were within its limits less than a dozen counties, recognizes that history is being repeated in the demagogical attitude of those who were instrumental in reducing the 25 per cent. imposed upon the delinquent tax payer, not as interest—but more than the 50 per cent. aided on failure to make returns under the recent income law is interest—but as a penalty to compel the citizen and property owner to perform his duty as a good citizen by paying his proportion of tax for the public revenue. It is stated that Oneida county has now earned \$15,000 in tax certificates; four years ago all tax certificates were sold at the treasurer's sale of delinquent taxes, and in this way the county received the full amount of the tax levy. The \$15,000, in tax certificates, represents Oneida county's legacy inherited from our recent reform administration, which in many respects reformed by putting the people in a hole, so to speak. The champions of bogus reform reduced the penalty of 25 per cent. to 15, upon the shyster plea, that capital bought the certificates and thus robbed the poor man, when in fact they well knew the floated bond holder and non-resident tax payer and land owner were the only ones benefitted or intended to be relieved by the reduction.

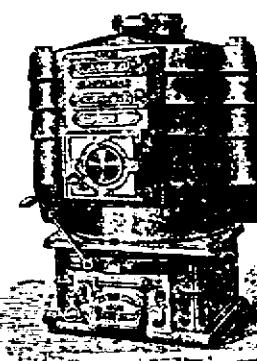
Show me a hardworking industrious citizen who is working early and late to secure a home for himself and family, and I will show you a citizen who always and promptly pays his taxes and who is a good citizen generally. How many stop to think what the \$15,000 of tax certificates represent, and how much they have to do with our present high taxes?

A tax is annually levied to defray the expenses of maintaining our municipal government, and those of the state government. The expense is incurred from day to day throughout the year, the tax to meet the expense is levied as a rule once a year and if the tax is not paid the municipality comes just so much short of the required funds to meet its expenses, but the municipality is liable to its creditors and this deficit must be made up in some way, by a short loan at the bank, paying interest or by issuing bonds, all resulting in increased taxation sooner or later. For the only source of revenue for the municipality is taxation, and taxes increase in the same proportion each year that taxes are not paid the previous year, to say nothing of the cost of interest on loans to supply the deficiency and litigation, often commenced for delay, or for a compromise.

To stop this burden which involves increased taxation upon those who pay their tax should be our first duty. The 25 per cent. then being purely and solely imposed as a penalty to compel the performance of a duty the land and property owners owe to the community, all should use their influence with the present legislature to retapose the 25 percent. penalty, and if that is not enough to compel performance, urge the next legislature to make it 50 percent. Then if we have any who do not care to pay the tax longer on their own lands, let them cease longer to dump their lands upon the county, which was not organized to go into the land business, and cannot pay its debts with tax title lands, but as good citizens come forward and offer the land to any citizen who will take them for the delinquent taxes, improve them and hereafter pay the tax. By so doing the non-tax-payer will show he has an interest in the community and good citizenship, and he will cease trying to avoid his share of the public burdens, while at the same time he has equal benefits with us all.

When all will pay or be compelled by heavy penalties to pay their just

proportion of the tax, county orders will not be at a discount, hawked about, a disgrace to the community; our indebtedness will be easily met and future taxes will be lower. Agitation of this subject may result in getting back to the old penalty of 25 per cent., which, after the tax fighters were squelched by the Supreme Court, proved all sufficient to compel payment of taxes by all.



JACKSON &  
— LONGTIN,  
. High Grade .

## PLUMBING,

Steam and Hot Water Heating,

Waterworks Construction, Laying of Pipe under water and Submerged Work a Specialty.

A.C. DANIELSON & Co.,  
MERCHANT TAILOR. ↗

We are prepared to make First-class Fitting, Fashionable Suits. We carry the Latest Style of Goods, and the Lowest Prices in the Town. Shop opposite the Giant Sleigh Manufacturing Co.'s plant, Rhinelander, Wis.

## E. G. SQUIER

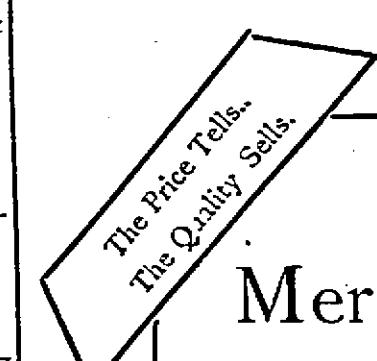
— DEALER IN —

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Etc.  
Repairing and Engraving Neatly Done.

Carry a full stock of the best make of watches in the best gold and silver cases at very low prices.

Store in Faust's Block.

Rhineland, Wisconsin



All Ladies of Rhinelander are invited.

IN CIRCUIT COURT—ONEIDA COUNTY.

D. J. COLE, Plaintiff vs.

EDWARD WARREN AND

JOHN H. COLE, Defendants.

By virtue of and pursuant to a judgment of

foreclosures aforesaid, rendered in the above entitled action on the 1st day of November, 1892, I will as directed in and by said judgment, offer for sale, and sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the west door of the court house in the City of Rhinelander, County of Oneida, State of Wisconsin, on the 2nd day of March 1893, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the real estate and mortgaged premises diverted to and by said judgment to be sold, and therein described as follows: Lot number ten (10) in block number eleven (11) of S. 11, Allam's Second Addition to the Village and City of Rhinelander, Wisconsin, Oneida County.

Dated Elkhorn, Wis. Jan. 22, 1893.

R. F. SPRAGUE,

Ex. Off. Sheriff of Oneida County, Wis.

Summons.

CIRCUIT COURT—ONEIDA COUNTY.

JAMES O. FAUST, Plaintiff.

V.

J. W. FRECHET, ALONZO E. FRECHET his wife,

PAGE BREWING COMPANY, THOMAS L. GATES,

J. DEVEREUX, Defendants.

THE STATE OF WISCONSIN TO THE SAID DEFENDANTS AND EACH OF THEM:

You are hereby commanded to appear within

twelve days after service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service, and defend the above entitled action in the Court aforesaid;

and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demands of the plaintiff, of which a copy is herewith served upon you.

ELKHORN, Elkhorn, Wis.

J. M. STOUT, Plaintiff's Attorney.

P. O. Address, Stevens Point, Wisconsin.

Ex. Off. Sheriff of Oneida County, Wis.

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CIRCUIT COURT—ONEIDA COUNTY.

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and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demands of the plaintiff, of which a copy is herewith served upon you.

ELKHORN, Elkhorn, Wis.

J. M. STOUT, Plaintiff's Attorney.

P. O. Address, Stevens Point, Wisconsin.

Ex. Off. Sheriff of Oneida County, Wis.

Summons.

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JAMES O. FAUST, Plaintiff.

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and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demands of the plaintiff, of which a copy is herewith served upon you.

ELKHORN, Elkhorn, Wis.

J. M. STOUT, Plaintiff's Attorney.

P. O. Address, Stevens Point, Wisconsin.

Ex. Off. Sheriff of Oneida County, Wis.

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CIRCUIT COURT—ONEIDA COUNTY.

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CIRCUIT COURT—ONEIDA COUNTY.

JAMES O. FAUST, Plaintiff.

V.



**NEW NORTH.**  
RHINELANDER PRINTING COMPANY.  
RHINELANDER, - WISCONSIN.

**The News Condensed.**

Important Intelligence From All Parts.

**CONGRESSIONAL.**

Proceedings of the Second Session. On the 20th the bankruptcy bill was discussed in the Senate and Senator Chandler (N. H.) spoke against the pending bill. A bill was passed to amend the interstate commerce law so as to permit the sale of interchangeable carriage tickets to commercial travelers.... Is the house to repeat the discriminating duty on sugar was passed. The senate joint resolution reviving the grade of Lieutenant general of the army for the benefit of Maj. Gen. Schofield was presented. A bill was introduced advocating the publishing of labor bureau reports at intervals of not less than two months, to contain current facts of the condition of labor here and abroad.

In a discussion of the currency question in the Senate on the 20th Mr. Vest said he would follow the president's lead no longer, and bitterly denounced the financial measure proposed by the president. A bill was introduced permitting Associate Justice Jackson of the supreme court of the United States to retire on account of ill health.... In the house the time was occupied in discussing the Union Pacific railway bill.

In the Senate on the 21st Senators Gorman and Hill made strenuous efforts to have some immediate action taken on the financial question. Resolutions were passed calling on Secretary Carlisle for information concerning every detail bearing on revenues, reserves, deficiencies, etc. A joint resolution providing for a special election the first Tuesday of October, 1893, to ascertain the will of the people respecting financial matters was introduced by Senator Peffer.... In the house the time was occupied in discussing the Pacific railway funding bill.

On the 21st the district appropriation bill was taken up again in the Senate and served as a test for further financial discussions, during which Senator Teller, representing the silver element, gave warning of opposition to any financial plan not agreeable to him.... In the house, during a debate on a Hawaiian resolution (Congressmen Breckinridge (Ky.) and Beard (Mo.) called each other liars and one blow was struck, when they were arrested and made to apologize. A bill was passed giving the Seventh Judicial circuit of the United States composed of Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin another judge. A resolution was adopted calling on the president for all correspondence and information regarding the alleged aid furnished the rebels in Hawaii by representatives of the British government.

The Senate on the 22d occupied the time in discussing the Districts of Columbia appropriation bill. Mr. Martin took the oath of office as Senator from Montana.... In the house the Pacific railroad funding bill was recommitted to the committee on railroads by a vote of 177 to 149, showing an unexpectedly large majority against the measure. A bill to temporarily revise the rate of testament general of the same was passed.

**DOMESTIC.**

ELEVEN trained ponies and thirty-five educated dogs in winter quarters at Bloomington, Ind., were burned to death.

The work of the special examiners of the pension bureau in Washington has fallen into an arreage of over 20,000 cases owing to the recent lack of appropriations.

The aggregate gross earnings of thirty railroads in the United States for the third week of January were \$3,341,411, an increase of \$56,392 over the corresponding period a year ago.

ALEXANDER'S to compel Commissioner Lechner to restore the pension of Judge Long, of Detroit, to its former rating was granted by the District of Columbia supreme court.

CHARLES K. HUGHES, Jr., was accused of using \$40,000 fraudulently while cashier of the First national bank of Lima, O., and was arrested.

WILLIE Bush and his brother tried to light a fire with gasoline at the orphans' home at Logansport, Ind., and one was killed, the other fatally burned.

ELEVEN trained ponies and thirty-five educated dogs and one monkey, the property of Prof. W. Gentry, were burned to death at their winter quarters in Bloomington, Ind.

REV. VIGERS SWORE, a Baptist preacher, was shot near Batesville, Ky., by Ed Fullman, a lunatic, who used a double barreled shotgun.

By a vote of 50 to 23 the Missouri house went on record as indorsing a bill to prevent Sunday baseball and football.

FRED HOFFMAN, United States commissioner of De county, O. T., was assassinated by unknown persons near Topeka.

JOSEPH BART & Sons, dealers in dry goods and general merchandise at Meridian, Miss., perished for \$200,000.

Among the numerous bills introduced in the Illinois house was one directed against the wearing of high hats at theaters.

A SIZED load of young people went over an embankment near Salem, O., four being seriously hurt.

BOMBS exploded in the electric railway works at Denver, Col., killing Frank Waldron and Conrad Hitler and Edward Stanley and John Brown were fatally scalded.

CRAVON CROSBY, alias Cherokee Bill, a noted outlaw, was captured at Mowata, I. T., by two men who had secured his confidence.

WESLEY TAYLOR was arrested at Belleville, Ill., charged with the murder of the McLellands, father and son, at Centralia, fourteen years ago.

GROVE BEAS, near Richmond, Va., while protecting his stepmother from assault was shot and killed by his father.

C. W. STANHOPE, tax collector and probate officer of Concord, Mass., was said to be \$12,000 short in his accounts. He had disappeared.

The financial statement of the mid-winter fair at San Francisco shows that the total receipts were \$1,200,000 and the expenditures were \$1,193,200, leaving a surplus of \$6,800.

The Kansas legislature passed a law making every kind and form of betting and gambling a felony punishable by from one to five years in the penitentiary.

IRENE BOYD, wife and three children, who lived near Sterling, N. D., and a hired man named Halbig, lost their lives in a fire.

CHARLES BOYD died in an epileptic fit while being arraigned in court at La Junta, Col., for attempted criminal assault upon a 3-year-old girl.

SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS in gold was found by Jesse J. Drew at his sawmill near Hollandale, Miss. The treasure was supposed to have been buried during the civil war.

Solicitor GENERAL MAXWELL has resigned owing to differences with Attorney General Olney regarding the income tax.

HENRY STEVENS (colored) was hanged at Dawson, Ga., for the murder of J. G. Wells a year ago.

Mrs. ZIMMERMANN and her twin daughters were burned to death by a lamp explosion at Philadelphia, Pa.

ARIZONA bandits held up a Southern Pacific train near Wilcox and blew the express safe with dynamite, securing \$50,000.

The bank of Trenton, Neb., was ordered closed by the state banking board.

The twenty-seventh annual convention of the National American Woman-Suffrage association met at Atlanta, Ga., with Miss Susan B. Anthony, its president, in the chair.

An investigation showed that twenty-one of the chain gang of convicts at Savannah, Ga., were permanently disabled by exposure to freezing weather.

The Jeannine Smokeless Powder company, with a capital of \$10,000,000, made an assignment in New York.

EXCHANGES AT the leading clearing houses in the United States during the week ended on the 1st aggregated \$92,331,000, against \$91,603,477 the previous week. The increase, compared with the corresponding week in 1892, was 2.2%.

The Michigan senate passed a joint resolution submitting to the people an amendment to the constitution providing an educational qualification for electors.

The steamship Kingdom, forty-two days out from Shields, for Charleston, S. C., was thought to be lost with her crew of thirty-five.

INTENSELY cold weather prevailed in the northwest. At Grantsburg, Wis., the thermometer registered 42 degrees below zero and at Negau, Mich., 40 below.

There were 234 business failures in the United States in the seven days ended on the 1st, against 263 the week previous and 370 in the corresponding time in 1892.

Because his 2-year-old son would not stop crying Alexander Vonkaris, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., dashed its brains out on a hot stove.

CHARLES COFFETT discussed sparing matches before a committee of the Minnesota legislature, defending his profession.

The Iron Mountain mine in Shasta county, Cal., was sold for \$200,000 cash to an English syndicate.

A TELEGRAM statement shows that the receipts from all sources during the month of January were \$27,804,325 and the expenditures \$34,523,417, a deficit for the month of \$6,719,093 and for the fiscal year of \$3,229,700.

JOHN REED died at Columbus, Ind. He was one of the first train robbers in the United States and was a daring individual.

CATHERINE MONROE, of New York, a wealthy young woman, committed suicide by cutting her throat in a church confessional.

FRED ERIS, a Methodist preacher at Aurora, Mo., while insane killed his wife, shot his daughter and took his own life.

The insurrection in Hawaii has been suppressed. Ex-Queen Liliuokalani was arrested, dynamite and arms having been found in her residence, and it was decided to banish her.

GREAT BRITAIN, France and Russia were said to have instructed their ministers to advise China and Japan to come to terms.

**LATER.**

It was learned the 4th an explosion had occurred in Mount Celeste mine, France, while the miners were fighting fire. The rescuers have recovered 21 bodies and eight terribly injured miners.

Turkie passed between Mr. Hall and Mr. Hatch on the floor of congress the 4th. The sergeant-at-arms had to enforce order.

A TELEGRAM from Charles Counselman & Co., Chicago, states that the body of the missing steamer Chicago drifted ashore near their South Chicago elevator the afternoon of the 4th, with 14 men badly frozen, but alive. The announcement caused great excitement in the city. A tug was sent out at once, which returned in the evening unable to find the boat.

The trial of Hayward for the Ging murder was resumed the 4th. The sick juror, Dyer, having fully recovered.

A TROLLEY car went through the draw of a bridge at Milwaukee, the morning of the 4th. The car struck endwise on the ice, through which it plunged into the water. The motorman was drowned, and two passengers are reported to have lost their lives. The car was bound toward Bay View, and was pretty well filled with passengers when the accident occurred, but part of them were rescued without serious injury. The ice broke the windows of the car, which stood on the end and only partially filled with water. The first body discovered was that of a woman, who was taken out a few minutes after the accident. The dead are John Kennedy, motorman; Miss Ehlman, a tender and Mrs. Schmidtke.

The safe of the Rockwood bank at Milan, O., was blown open by fire market m'm on the morning of the 4th and the contents, about \$50,000, were taken. Two of the men were afterward caught at Sandusky.

The Brooklyn board of aldermen, at a special meeting the 4th, adopted a resolution rescinding the franchises and privilages granted the Brooklyn trolley lines which are connected with the present strike.

The residence of W. H. Fenton, at Port Republic, N. J., was destroyed by fire the 4th. Mr. Fenton, his wife and three children were burned to death.

JOHN BILL went insane the 4th while attending the funeral of his wife at Franklin, Pa., and attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. Bill was finally restrained by a man near him. Several ladies present fainted.

THE police station at Holyoke, Mass., Officer P. J. Deveraux shot ex-Capt. M. D. Fenton and killed himself. Errors by the treasury department to negotiate a gold loan in Europe were successful and the new issue of bonds may be for \$100,000,000.

The National American Woman Suffrage association in session at Atlanta, Ga., selected Susan B. Anthony as president.

A score of men were injured, several fatally, by two explosions in an iron furnace at Steelville, O.

Four masked men terrorized Crescent City, O. T., looting the stores and relieving citizens of their valuables.

Miss SARAH M. FINNEY was awarded \$2,500 damages in St. Louis for a kiss that A. H. Carpenter attempted to take from her.

**PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.**

CONGRESSMAN JOHN L. WILSON was nominated by the republican caucus at Olympia, Wash., for United States senator.

WARD MCALISTER, the well-known leader of New York society, died of the grip, aged 64 years.

Gov. NEIL FOX, elected United States senator, resigned and Lieut. Gov. Clough became governor of Minnesota without special formality.

Miss Phoebe Edwards, aged 16, the largest girl in Ohio, weighing 180 pounds, died at Littlefield.

Mrs. JOSEPH STRICKLER, of Anderson, Ind., who had fasted and slept for 11 days, is dead.

CAIT. ISAAC KEYS, a federal officer under Presidents Lincoln and Grant, and a prominent banker, died at Springfield, Ill.

Rev. GEORGE W. DUNBAR and Miss Elizabeth Mystery were married at Peoria, Ill. The groom is 82 years old and has been married five times before. The bride is 48 and this is her first attempt.

EX-CONGRESSMAN M. D. STIVERS died in his chair at the Times office in Middletown, N. Y.

JUDGE NATHANIEL BAXTER, one of the most prominent lawyers of Tennessee, died at Nashville at the age of 82.

**FOREIGN.**

THE North German Lloyd steamer Elbe was sunk in the North sea by the Crathie and, of the 400 persons on board but twenty-five were saved.

SWEDEN has increased the tariff rates on all American products.

DISASTERS from Chefoo announced that the Japanese captured Wei-Hai-Wei. The Chinese loss was placed at 2,000 men.

It was said that Germany was determined to force a tariff war upon the United States in order to satisfy the agricultural party.

ENGLISH bankers expressed the opinion that Europeans were losing confidence in the commercial honor of the United States.

**TEXTILE** business failings at Cortland, Que., were learned.

INVESTIGATION of the wreck of the steamer Elbe in the North sea shows that 311 persons lost their lives in the disaster.

An unknown man ran amuck in the streets of Constantinople, killing three persons, among them an American, and wounding ten others.

MEXICO had not declared war against Guatemala, but troops were being rapidly massed upon the frontier.

OFFICERS of the American ship Concord accidentally killed a Chinaman at Chin Kiang and were seized by the infuriated populace. Marines were landed to secure their release.

CHINA'S peace ambassadors started for home, Japan refusing to deal with agents who had no powers to act on the spot.

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**THE ELBE DISASTER.**

Wreck of a Passenger Steamer in the North Sea.

Survivors Are Few—Number of the Missing Is 214—The Story as Told by the Rescued Ones—Elbe's Crew Criticized.

LO

# HOLDING UP A TOWN.

By AS GOLY.



HERE are a great many ideas about as to the sort of people that inhabit the prairies of the far west. Some think they are all cowboys and wild Indians, that they live in tents, and think nothing of killing a newcomer by shooting him dead. Others have an idea a trifle more advanced, that the inhabitants are a sort of officious, pushing, breezy, unmanly, enterprising lot of fortune seekers good-natured, but rough, easy-going, but always on the rush. Others, still, fancy the west is filled with the queer people described by the story-tellers and novelists, curious types, half-witted and half-witting picturesque old soldiers, groaning, hard-working, homely women, few and far between, such people as Octave Thanet and Hamlin Garland have given us.

All these suppositions are wrong. The ruling population on the plains of Nebraska is the most intelligent, cultured and enterprising emigration from New England, New York and Ohio—the cream, which naturally rises to the top and floats off. They have built churches, schools, universities, theaters and elegant hotels. There are hard-working but enterprising farmers, and some not so enterprising, just as is the case in the east. Now and then the towns are invaded by the cowboys and Indians. The cowboys are oftentimes fast young men from the east who have gone west to work off their spirits.

In the early seventies my father had a hardware store in the young city of Lincoln; and a frequent visitor at the stove that stood in the little back-room was Buffalo Bill, then neither very famous nor very rich, a cowboy of the plains, stopping to call on his kinsman whenever he came to the city and exchange yarns in true cowboy fashion. My mother was afraid of him, but my father found him a very good-natured fellow. The following tale may have been one of his stories—I do not know. It may have been an on-looker, but my impression is that he had not even seen the events and sights he described.

The place may have been Beatrice or Red Cloud or Kearny Junction—leaving the parlor of any or all of the now populous cities which happen not to have been the one. The time was quite twenty years ago, but it might have been yesterday, I fancy. Red Cloud—we will call it Red Cloud—was the center of a farming district, and was somewhat of a sleepy little town. There were various stores, three churches, three saloons and a post office. There had been no banks there, for there was no railroad; but the inhabitants were in hourly expectation of both! The people were hard-working, intelligent and patient—New England farmers transplanted to the west. The saloons were for the cowboys, mostly, who ranged not far away and often came trooping in with plenty of noise and clatter to "liquor up." Every Saturday evening they made night hideous for the little village, drinking, yelling, swearing, reviling about, but the villagers were patient, as I have said.

Perhaps the worst of the visitors was "Black Jack," a great big, dark-skinned fellow, of half-foreign parentage, but crossed with the shrewd New England stock. He could drink more whisky, tell more thrilling stories, and do more dare-devil tricks than all the rest of the gang put together. The Indians liked him, and followed him devotedly. He had a certain gentle way with them which completely controlled them, and made them ready at any moment to do as he said or as he did. Often he brought them to the village to drink with him, and they were great drinkers. When the liquor ran freely enough they would sing their wild, unearthly songs and dance in their comic, grotesque way, flourishing their knives delightedly about their heads, as if they were about to scalp the whole population; but this was mere grim humor on their part. The Indians are grimly humorous on nearly all occasions when they are not angry or poetically serious.

I have called Red Cloud a village, but the Red Cloud of twenty years ago would scorn that title. Red Cloud was a city, and it had a mayor. One day when it got a new mayor trouble came of the new mayor, for he determined to break up those Saturday night orgies and this grimly humorous Indian knife-dancing. He didn't see the humor of it. He was a New Englander, a Baptist of the close variety, and altogether a very moral man. He thought it a disgrace that peaceful, steady-going Red Cloud, with no railroad and no boom, should be thus disturbed weekly or oftener by a gang of vicious cowboys and doubtful Indians. He therefore issued an order for the arrest of the first Indian found dancing the knife-dance in the street, for the dancing took place in the broad street in front of the saloon. This arrest took place the very next Saturday night, when the half-drunk Indian was suddenly seized by three doughty constables and spirited away out of sight before anyone quite understood what had happened. There was no jail within a number of miles, for Red Cloud was not the county seat; it was quite uncertain where the unruly Indian had been concealed, but doubtless in some private house.

"Where's the Hawk?" asked Black Jack, after a little, when he missed his Indian companion. But nobody answered at first.

They took a lantern and made a search in the street, but without finding a trace of the hawk. At last light

dawned on one of Black Jack's companions.

"The mayor's yanked him!" he cried suddenly, stopping still. "You hear about the order, didn't you?"

The Indians heard in blank, drunken stupidity. But Black Jack's eyes grew darker, his face twitched angrily, and everybody trembled to see him.

"Yanked him?" he cried, after a moment's pause—"yanked him? Well, boys, just step inside and liquor up on me, and then we'll do the town up if they don't turn the Hawk out in short order."

The whole company of ten or dozen, half Indians, trooped into the saloon and took whisky straight, in no small doses, all around. Then they grimly followed Black Jack as he went out onto the street. He stopped in the middle of the little square where the post office was and called out, mostly in oaths, unnecessary to repeat:

"You mayor, you, you bring that Indian out here in less time than it takes me to say it, you, or I'll blow your head off."

He had a big voice, and nearly everybody in the village heard him say it. Heads were stuck out of the windows, forms appeared at the doors, and every eye was agog. Gradually the windows were closed in fear, the doors barred, and every head had disappeared. That made Black Jack all the madder. He fired his revolver at random at every streak of light that came through an unlucky shutter; his Indians began to yell and flourish their knives in a worse drunken orgy than they had ever held before, and Black Jack bashed forth the direst threats he could conjure up.

The whole town was thoroughly frightened. Black Jack and his cowboys soon began to see the humor of the situation, and with many a laugh and much to drink held high carnival throughout the town until the wee small hours of the morning—Sunday morning—when they succumbed to sleep on the curbstones, on front doorsteps, in the vestibules of the churches which they had broken open—one here, one there, from one end of the town to the other.

Sunday morning was clear, warm, beautiful, and the whole population, including the cowboys, slept peacefully until quite late. Here and there a man ventured out; but the sight of one of the gang lying not too sound asleep right under his feet sent him back into the house again. About nine or ten o'clock the gang began to wake up and wander into the saloon for something to quench their morning thirst. The church bells had not been rung until the gang noticed the omission and did the ringing in a wild, bacchanalian fashion. Black Jack laughed at the power he suddenly discovered to be his, and lounged and smoked and called out now and then in derision to the mayor to turn over the Hawk.

When he had had breakfast, and had recovered from his dissipation of the night before somewhat, that is, about two o'clock in the afternoon, he went to walk. The Indians followed him quietly enough. There was no pistol practice, no flourishing of knives. What had happened the night before was quite enough.

Black Jack was in no hurry. He said he could wait as long as the mayor could, and he was much obliged for the freedom of the town. He and all his gang thought the whole affair most amusing. They drank and sang and told stories and rioted gloriously. In the afternoon, as I have said, they paraded the town, and again in the evening. If any head or foot was seen without, a bullet went flying after it and it quickly disappeared. Nobody was hurt, I believe; but that was not the deliberate fault of Black Jack, by any means.

How long this might have lasted I do not know. Black Jack said he had come there to live, if need be, and he would keep the whole town shut up as long as the mayor kept the Hawk shut up. Monday morning came and the thrifty farmers and shopkeepers were exceedingly anxious to begin business. Dozens started out, but, being greeted by a bullet or the flash of an Indian knife or a grimly humorous Indian smile, they retired precipitately. Monday was a fierce day. The inhabitants were getting very wrathful at their long restraint, and Black Jack was grimly obstinate and decided. By Monday night feeling ran high. Everybody was ready for fight, the town most of all. But there could be no meetings, no consultation, no gathering together; for Black Jack's bullets were ready for anyone who attempted to go to his neighbor. People had been escaping from the town, however, one at a time, unobserved; and a little company with rifles at last bore heavily down upon the fugitives. There was a hot, heavy fight. One or two were killed on either side. Then the Hawk suddenly appeared, having escaped from his prison. Thereupon Black Jack declared himself ready to accept a humble apology from the mayor and withdraw. The mayor gave it, and Black Jack and his companions rode away. I may add that they did not return again. Not there was a great joke over the plains about Black Jack having the freedom of Red Cloud for three days.—N. Y. Independent.

## BILL COOK, DESPERADO.

Captured at Last by a Bravo Now Mexico Sheriff.

How the Notorious Highwayman and Robber Came to Adopt a Criminal Career—A Story That Will Appeal to the Sentimentally Inclined.

[Special Letter.]

The recent capture of Outlaw Bill Cook by United States Deputy Marshal C. C. Perry in all probability marks the end of organized law-breaking in the southwest. In many respects Cook was the superior of Jesse James and Bill Dalton. For months he terrorized the people of Oklahoma, the Kansas border and the Texas Panhandle. Strong detachments of government officers and Indian policemen were sent out against him and his band time and again, but were unable to effect his arrest. C. C. Perry, the man who finally captured him near Fort Stanton, is known as one of the ablest officers in New Mexico. He has been a United



BILL COOK.

States deputy marshal for some time, performing the duties of that office along the Texas line, and at the recent election was chosen sheriff of Chaves county. When Perry caught his man the force at his command consisted of but a few aids, and for this reason he is now hailed as the hero of the day throughout Oklahoma, in which territory Bill Cook will receive his trial.

Bill Cook was the Rinaldi of sin de siècle brigands. Many of his little acts remind one of the gracious courtesy of the Italian highwayman par excellence. But the most romantic feature of his criminal career—and one that will appeal with great force to the sentimentally inclined—is its beginning. If current reports can be believed, the noted train robber was once upon a time, a really useful member of society. His father was a poor but honorable farmer. His mother, a half-breed Cherokee, his biographers describe as a good woman.

Bill, one of three sons, grew up amid scenes calculated to dry up the milk of human kindness in anybody's veins. Nevertheless he behaved himself pretty well until a few years ago, when he was a cowboy in the Creek nation. He was noted among his rough companions as a daring horseman, a "dead-sure shot" and an all-around good fellow. One day Bill and some of his companions visited the town of Sapulpa. On the way back to their pasture grounds the cowpunchers stopped at the shack of a ranchman named Pittman. In answer to their halloos a pretty, black-eyed damsel came to the door and bade them enter the house. Bill was the only one to accept the invitation. He tried the patience of his companions by tarrying much longer than seemed necessary. They had no idea that Cupid had fired one of his famous darts and had struck the hearts of gallant Bill Cook and charming Martha Pittman. The happy pair made love in the good old way; but Bill, being a forlorned fellow, thought it would be wise to save money for the building of a cozy nest, and in this good intention was encouraged by the girl.

Now cowpunching, although a very healthy, is not a very lucrative occupation, and Cook became a whisky amateur. For awhile he made lots of money, but one day fell into the clutches of a detachment of revenue officers and was sent to the jail at Fort



AS INDIAN POLICEMAN.

Smith for six months. At the expiration of his term, fully determined to once more become a law-abiding citizen, he enlisted under United States Deputy Marshal Smith as a posseman and soon became noted for his reckless bravery. He knew every haunt of the outlaws in the Indian country and adjoining territory, and his fearless pursuit of ruffians restored tranquility in many localities where safety of property had been unknown for decades.

Having accomplished so much for the public good Bill Cook presented himself at the house of Martha Pittman's father and asked the old gentleman for the girl's hand. Instead of receiving the polite reply which he had expected the visitor was informed that Martha Pittman should never become the wife of a jailbird. To make a bad thing worse the lovesick Bill was ordered from the house and told never to show his face again in the vicinity of the Pittman habitation. Little Martha didn't like the way in which her lover was being treated and declared boldly and emphatically that she would marry him clandestinely. But to this proposition

Bill turned a deaf ear. "No," he said, "I will marry you openly and above board, with the old man's blessing thrown in, or I'll go on the warpath and put the whole Cherokee strip on the run on the point of my Winchester."

Bill Cook's word was as good as his bond. He went into the mountains and organized as tough a band of outlaws as ever disgraced American civilization. He terrorized not only individuals but entire communities. In fact he became so famous that old Pittman became quite proud of him and consented to the marriage between his daughter and the robber chief. The old fellow went so far as to secure a marriage license at Muskogee, and the couple would have been made one in October had not a detachment of Indian police been on the trail of the prospective groom at that particular time.

When Cook made his debut as a first-class desperado last June he was twenty-four years of age. At that time E. C. Starr, treasurer of the Cherokee nation, was at Tahlequah, engaged in the pleasant duty of paying out \$60,000 of government money to the men of his tribe. Bill Cook happened to read about this transaction in a St. Louis newspaper and, accompanied by his brother Jim, at once started for Tahlequah. On the way they picked up Cherokee Bill, a mixture of white, negro and Indian, and unquestionably one of the worst villains that ever drew the breath of life. To him the Cooks unfolded their plan, which included the murder of Starr and the stealing of the money in his charge. Cherokee Bill was pleased with the prospect, and at once proceeded to enlist seven notorious cutthroats under the Cook banner. The band, thus reinforced boldly rode into Tahlequah and made an attack on Starr's place. After fifteen minutes of desperate fighting the rascals were repulsed by the treasurer's guards. The leader of the Indian officers, Sequoyah Houston, was killed by the bandits, but Jim Cook, lieutenant of the robber band, was wounded and captured.

Subsequently Bill Cook reorganized and strengthened his band. He made Cherokee Bill his lieutenant and enlisted the most daring members of the Dalton gang—they in the throes of dissolution. After watching his men in "battle," he made promotions, selecting as his "personal staff" seventeen of the wickedest dandies to be found in the most lawless part of the United States. Every member of this "staff" was compelled to take a fearful oath, the penalty of violation being sudden death. Bill's word was recognized as the only law, and disobedience to any command he might give meant a dose of lead.

After the band had been thoroughly trained, Cook established a central rendezvous in the vicinity of Muskogee and Fort Gibson. From this place he directed his numerous raids. Railroad depots were robbed, small towns looted

## WAR REMINISCENCES.

### JONES' GREAT SHOT.

"I inaugurated a radical change in the method of raiding."

"I led a rather quiet life in the army," remarked Jones. "I had no horses shot from under me. By-the-way, it has always seemed to me that we owe an inestimable and little recognized debt to the attraction of gravitation. If it had not been for this salutary force, the air of many states, at the end of the late war, would have been well-nigh filled with able brigadier generals whose horses had been shot from under them, and who had not been hauled down yet."

"You were in the cavalry arm of the service, were you not?" asked Smith. "Principally, though I was connected at different times with the infantry and artillery as well," answered Jones, guardedly. "I had a fine horse, which I called Hot Cakes. He was a very quick horse. One day when the bugle sounded the charge he started so suddenly that his tail dropped off."

"Now hold on, Jones," said Jackson Peters, firmly; "I've heard that story before."

"No doubt, Jackson, no doubt," replied Jones, with the greatest blandness. "The whole brigade saw the incident happen. Perhaps you got it from the history you studied at school. Blanckfort mentions it."

"My service with the artillery," continued Jones, "while lacking the dash of my connection with the cavalry, was really of much importance to the country. I became interested in the arti-



"MY KNEE WAS AS FIRM AS IRON."

lery through so often charging up to the cannon's mouth. After a year's acquaintance with this disagreeable and petulant end of the canon I determined to get into touch with the other end, and accordingly got transferred to the artillery. I soon found myself a colonel, and in charge of a small battery.

"At the siege of Port Hudson an incident occurred which may be worth repeating. It was during the first day's bombardment that my attention was attracted to the small amount of apparent injury inflicted on the enemy in return for the expenditure in labor, ammunition and noise. That night it happened that I did not sleep well, my throat being hot and parched from lack of water, the tin cup having been shot out of my hand every time I had tried to take a drink all day. While tossing in my feverish cot I conceived the notion that the difficulty, with my lottery at least, was that the projectiles were not heavy enough. At the first streak of light my tent having been shot out of existence during the night, I walked away from my cot, summoned my orderly and made a requisition for a certain eight-inch steel shaft which I happened to know was within our lines. It had been taken from a dismantled ironclad, where it had served as the ram, and was but a short piece some six or seven feet long. My heaviest gun was an eight-inch smooth-bore, and I had decided to use this shaft as a projectile, and tear a breach through the enemy which would hopelessly cripple him."

"At about six o'clock the piece of ram was brought to me. I instantly caused a double charge of powder to be inserted in the eight-inch gun, and then had the shaft forced home on top of it. It was a close fit, which pleased me, as it assured accuracy in firing, and if my aim was good I doubted not to do terrible execution. We were behind earthworks on a bluff overlooking the enemy's position. My gun pointed downward at a small but noticeable angle. At eight o'clock the lumbermen opened sharply all along the line. It was the heaviest firing I ever experienced. I worked the remainder of my lottery vigorously for half an hour, then I determined to give the enemy my eight-inch. I had decided to aim the piece myself. Stepping to it, I leaned forward against the breech, put my head down closely, and aimed with the greatest care. My nerve was firm as iron. I felt that the moment for crushing the rebellion had come. The aim was perfect. I touched the vent with my cigar."

"Gentlemen, I have to confess to a miscalculation. Though possessing a thorough knowledge of gunnery, I had made the mistake of having my projectile heavier than my gun. As a consequence the projectile rested where it was and the gun shot back. I was clinging to the breech, and went with it. The trajectory which we, the canon and I, described was still to the very best of my knowledge, and was observed by the entire army. We struck the ground about three miles back of the union lines, leaving the unfortunate piece of ordnance where it fell. I returned to my battery."

"Then your idea was of no practical value?" said Robinson, as Jones paused in his narration.

"On the contrary, it ended the siege. The next day Gen. Banks received every canon in our lines, loaded them with shafting, and threw them into the enemy, with such effect that what little was left of him surrendered."

"Does Bancroft mention this?" asked Jackson Peters.

"Bancroft wasn't there, and knew nothing about it," answered Jones.—*Harper's Weekly.*

## THE CAPTAIN'S WAR STORIES.

Both of Them Wonderful, Especially the One About Firing at a Puff of Smoke.

"When I was commanding a cavalry outpost during the war," said the captain, a former confederate officer, famous for his remarkable war stories, "we were camped near Salem, Va., and it was the only time before, or since, that Virginia had had such heavy rains. We were wet through and through, and almost dead from exposure. I had received for my own use a five-gallon keg of prime old Kentucky whisky from an old friend, but before I had a chance to sample the liquor I was obliged to ride out on a scout."

"All during that ride I was chuckling to myself at the treat I'd give the 'boys' when we got back, and, incidentally, how I would enjoy some of the contents of that keg myself. Well, sir, when we came back after a five hours' ride in that rain, soaked through, hungry and disgusted, I told the men about that keg of old John Harleycorn. Did they smile? It was the nearest approach to a laugh that had been heard in that section of the country for many a day.

"Upon dismounting, all gathered around my tent. I entered, grabbed a tin cup, smiled and turned the spigot. But not a drop ran out. I pulled the air plug from the top, but there was only the tantalizing odor of the good old 'red eye' Kentucky alone brews. The men were muttering at what they called my ill-timed joke. The disappointment was greater than grieved humanity could bear.

"Suddenly I turned, saw a soldier, happy in his unselfishness, in front of a tent about fifty feet from me. In all that outpost the only whisky seen in two weeks was that which I had received. 'Twas but a moment to connect the effect and cause. I found three heavy sleepers in that tent, the ground was wet with rare, soft, fragrant liquor, every wash basin, cup and vessel was filled with that heavenly liquor. The secret was out, so was the whisky. I investigated and found that these men had learned of my having the keg, had cut some long rice straws, made a conduit some fifty feet in length by joining them together, tapped the keg and run the whisky into their own tent that long distance away."

The captain stopped, lighted his cigar anew, while his auditors nervously shifted their positions. None spoke for a full minute. Then the little man who had tramped the region about Salem under "Old Glory" said in a mild and apologetic voice: "Captain, what does the rice crop amount to now around the Salem country?"

"No rice was ever raised there or therabouts," said the doughty but forlorn warrior.

The painful silence was finally broken by the captain himself, who spoke another yarn, which was as follows:

"When I was commanding a cavalry outpost during the war had occasion to make a personal examination of the land. I rode with my orderly to a kn

# THE PEOPLE OF THE MIST.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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CHAPTER I.  
The January afternoon was passing into night; the air was cold and still, so still that not a single twig of the naked beech trees stirred; on the grass of the meadows lay a thin white skin, half frost, half snow; the fire stood out blackly against the steel-hued sky, and over the tallest of them hung a single star. Part these bordering firs there ran a road, on which in this evening of the opening of our story a young man stood irresolute, glancing now to the right and now to the left.

To his right were two stately gates of iron fantastically wrought, supported by stone pillars on whose summits stood griffins of black marble embracing coats of arms and banners inscribed with the device, "Per ardua ad astra." Beyond these gates ran a broad carriage drive lined on either side by a double row of such oaks as England alone can produce under the most favorable circumstances of soil with the aid of the nurturing hand of man and three or four centuries of time. At the head of this avenue, perhaps half a mile from the roadway, although it looked nearer because of the eminence upon which it was placed, stood a mansion of the sort that in auctioneers' advertisements is usually described as "noble." Its general appearance was Elizabethan, for in those days some forgotten Outram had practically rebuilt it, but the greater part of its fabric was far more ancient than the Tudors, dating back indeed, so said tradition, to the days of King John.

A hundred yards or so down the road was a second gate of much less imposing appearance than that which led to Outram Hall. Leonard passed through it and presently found himself at the door of a square red brick house, built with no other pretensions than to those of comfort. This was the rectory, now remained by the Rev. and Hon. James Beach, to whom the living had been presented many years before by Leonard's father, Mr. Beach's old college friend.

Leonard rang the bell, and as its distant clamor fell upon his ears a new fear struck him. What sort of reception would he meet with in this house? he wondered. Hitherto it had always been so cordial that until this moment he had never doubted of it, but now circumstances had changed. He was no longer even the second son of Sir Thomas Outram of Outram Hall. He was a beggar, an outcast, a wanderer, the son of a fraudulent bank-rupt and suicide.

Now, as it chanced, Leonard, begged as he was, had still something left which could be taken away from him, and that something the richest fortune which Providence can give to any man in his youth—the love of a woman whom he also loved. For the Hon. and Rev. James Beach was blessed with a daughter, Jane, by name, who had the reputation, not undeserved, of being the most beautiful and sweetest natured girl that the countryside could show.

Presently the door was opened, and Leonard entered. At this moment it occurred to him that he did not quite know why he had come. To be altogether accurate, he knew why he had come well enough. It was to see Jane and arrive at an understanding with her father.

The Rev. James Beach was a stout man of bland and prepossessing appearance. Never had he looked stouter, more prepossessing or blander than on this particular evening when Leonard was ushered into his presence.

Leonard's sudden advent brought several emotions into active play. There were four people gathered round that comfortable fire—the rector, his wife, his son, a young man at college, and last, but not least, Jane herself. Mr. Beach dropped the cup sufficiently to allow himself to look at his visitor at length, for all the world as though he were covering him with a silver thunderbus. His wife, an active little woman, turned round as if she moved upon wires, exclaiming, "Good gracious, who'd have thought it?" while the son, a robust young man of about Leonard's own age and his college companion, said: "Hello, old fellow. Well, I never expected to see you here today!" a remark which, however natural it may have been, scarcely tended to set their visitor at his ease.

Jane herself, a tall and beautiful girl, with bright auburn hair, who was seated on a footstool nursing her knees and staring at the fire, paying apparently very little heed to her father's lecture upon ancient plate, did none of these things. On the contrary, she sprang up with the utmost animation, her lips apart and her lovely face red with blushes or the heat of the fire, and ran toward him, with open arms, exclaiming as she came, "Oh, Leonard, dear, dear Leonard!"

Mr. Beach turned the silver thunderbus upon his daughter and fired a single shot most effective shot.

"Jane!" he said in a voice in which fatherly admonition and friendly warning were happily blended.

Jane stopped in full career as though in obedience to some unseen which had momentarily forgotten. Then Mr. Beach, setting down the fagot, advanced upon Leonard, with an ample pitying smile and outstretched hand.

"How are you, my dear boy, how are you?" he said. "We did not expect"—

"To see me here under the circumstances," put in Leonard bitterly. "Nor would you have done so, but Tom and I understood that it was only to be a three days' sail."

Then came another pause, during which everybody present except Mr. Beach himself rose one by one and quitted the room. Jane was the last to go, and Leonard noticed as she passed him that there were tears in her eyes.

"Jane," said her father in a hoarse voice when her hand was already on the door, "you will be careful to be dressed in time for dinner, will you not, love? You remember that young Mr. Cohen is coming, and I should like somebody to be down to receive him."

Jane's only answer to this remark was to pass through the door and slam it behind her. Clearly the prospect of the arrival of this guest was not agreeable to her.

"Well, Leonard!" went on Mr. Beach when they were alone in a tone that was meant to be sympathetic, but which jarred horribly on his listener's ears: "this is a bad business very bad. But why are you not sitting down?"

"Because no one asked me to," said Leonard as he took a chair.

"Hem!" went on Mr. Beach. "By the way, I believe that Mr. Cohen is a friend of yours, is he not?"

"An acquaintance, not a friend," said Leonard.

"Indeed I thought that you were at the same college."

"Yes, but he is a Jew, and I don't like Jews."

"Prejudice, my dear boy, prejudice, a miser in Indeed, but no against which you should struggle. Besides the family have been Christian for a generation. But there, there, it is natural that you should not feel warmly toward the man who will end day own Outram. Ah! As I said, this is all very bad, but it must be a great consolation to you to remember that when everything is settled there will be enough, so I am told, to repay those whom your unhappy father—un—defended. And now is there anything that I can do for you or your brother?"

"This," answered Leonard nervously. "You can show your confidence in me by allowing my engagement to Jane to be proclaimed."

Here Mr. Beach waved his hand once more as though to dispel some invisible force.

"Really I cannot listen to such nonsense any longer," he broke in angrily. "Leonard, this is nothing less than an impertinence. Of course any understanding that may have existed between you and Jane is quite at an end. Engagement! I heard of no engagement. I knew that there was some boy and girl folly between you indeed, but for my part I never gave the matter another thought. Leave this house and never speak to my daughter again."

Then at last Leonard broke out:

"You do not speak the truth. I did not ask you for your daughter's hand. I asked you for the promise of it when I should have shown myself worthy of her. But now there is an end of that. I will go, but before I go I will tell you the truth.

"At this moment an ominous sound echoed through the night. It was more than the distant voice of Mr. Beach calling "Jane! Are you out there, Jane?" from his front doorstep.

"Oh, heavens," she said. "There is my father calling me. I came out by the back door, but mother must have been up to my room and found me gone. She watches me all day now. What shall I do?"

"Go back. Tell them that you have been saying goodby to me. It is not a crime. They cannot kill you for it."

"Indeed they can, or just as bad," replied Jane. Then suddenly she threw her arms about her lover's neck, and burying her beautiful face upon his breast she began to sob bitterly, murmuring, "Oh, my darling, my darling, what shall I do with you?"

And he turned and left the room and the rectory.

## CHAPTER II.

Arthur Beach, Jane's brother, was standing in the hall, waiting to speak to him, but Leonard passed past him without a word, closing the hall door behind him. Outside the snow was falling, but not fast enough to obscure the light of the moon, which shone through the belt of fire.

Leonard walked on down the drive till he neared the gate, when suddenly he heard the muffled sound of feet pursuing him through the snow. He turned, with an angry exclamation, believing that the footsteps were those of Arthur Beach, and he was in no mood for further conversation with any male member of that family. But, as it chanced, he found himself face to face not with Arthur, but with Jane herself, who perhaps had never looked more beautiful than she did at this moment in the snow and the moonlight. Indeed whenever Leonard thought of her in after years, and that was often, there arose in his mind a vision of a tall and lovely girl, her auburn hair slightly powdered over with the falling snowflakes, her breast glowing with emotion and her wide grey eyes gazing pitifully toward him.

"Oh, Leonard," she said nervously, "why do you go without saying goodby to me?"

He looked at her for a moment before he answered, for something in his heart told him that this was the last sight he should win of her for many a year, and therefore his eyes dwelt upon her as we gaze upon those whom the grave is about to hide from us forever.

At last he spoke, and his words were practical enough:

"You should not have come out in these thin shoes through the snow, Jane. You will catch cold."

"I wish I could," she answered defiantly. "I wish that I could catch such a cold as would kill me. Then I should be out of my troubles. Let us go to the summer house. They will never think of looking for me there."

"How will you get there?" asked Leonard.

"It is 100 yards away, and the snow always drifts in that path."

"Oh, never mind the snow," she said.

But Leonard did mind it, and presently he hit upon a solution of the difficulty. Having first glanced up the drive to see that nobody was coming, he bent forward and without explanation or excuse put his arms around Jane, and lifting her as though she were a child bore her down the path which led to the summer house. She was heavy, but, sooth to say, he could have walked the journey longer. Presently they were there, and very gently set her on her feet again, kissing her upon the tips as he did so, then took off his overcoat and wrapped it around her shoulders.

All this while Jane had not spoken. Indeed the poor girl felt so happy and so safe in her lover's arms that at this moment it seemed to her as though she never wished to speak or do anything for herself again. It was Leonard who broke the silence.

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"What have you been doing there?"

"Do you want to know?"

"Yes, of course. Did you see Jane?"

Then Leonard told him all the story.

"What do you think she will do?" asked Tom when his brother had finished.

"Given the situation and the woman, it is a rather curious problem."

"It may be," answered Leonard, "but as I am not an equation in algebraic terms to be worked out I don't quite see the fun of it. But if you ask me what I think she will do I should say that she will follow the example of everybody else and divorce me."

"To the rectory," answered his brother shortly.

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